

THE BEACON



A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL
AND THE HOME



VOLUME II.

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*A bluebell springs upon the ledge,
A lark sits singing in the hedge;
Sweet perfumes scent the balmy air,
And life is brimming everywhere.
What lark and breeze and bluebell sing,
Is Spring, Spring, Spring!*

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR.

For The Beacon.

Sally's April Fool.

BY F. H. SWEET.

"April fool! April fool! April fool!" The voices rang out merrily, mockingly, and Sally Baker's flush of anticipation faded away, and her brown eyes filled with tears. She understood it all now. It was just a horrid April fool, and here she had put on her good dress, and her mother had curled her hair so nicely.

She was disappointed. The note, "Please come up to Hillcrest," and addressed to "Miss Sally Baker," had been written on such nice paper, and her mind had been so much on a former visit to the great house with her Sunday-school class, where they had played games and eaten ice-cream and listened to beautiful music in the spacious rooms, that she had not once thought of the day of the month.

But the tears which rose to her eyes did not fall. There were the boys mocking her, and among them was Harry Jones who lived just across from her own house. She must not let them see that she minded. No, she would walk on to the post-office and see if there was any mail, and then would go back and tell her mother it had been a mistake. But, as she moved on, she could not forbear glancing, wistfully, at the great house on the hill. She had had such a good time there before, and the note had suggested that perhaps the good time was about to be repeated.

But it needed not the mocking voices to convince her that the note was an April fool. There was the carriage in front of the house, and Mrs. Barton and her sister stepping into it. Even as she looked the carriage moved from the entrance and came sweeping round the curved driveway to the street.

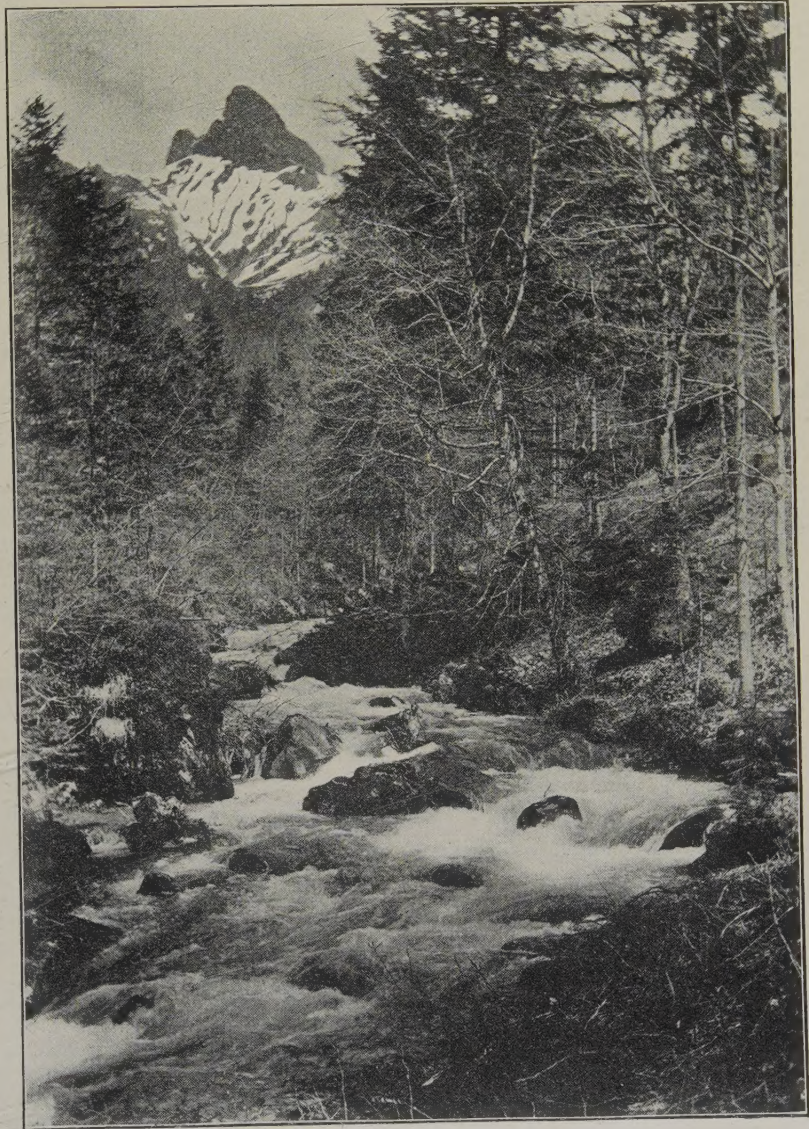
Sally stepped aside to let it pass, and, as she did so, heard Mrs. Barton call:

"Oh, Sally Baker, would you like to go for a drive?"

Sally's heart almost stopped beating. Go for a drive in a carriage like that, and with lovely Mrs. Barton for a companion? She had never dreamed of such luxury, such happiness.

"Yes'm," she answered, with a catch in her breath.

"You are sure your mother would not mind,



A SWISS MOUNTAIN-STREAM.

Photograph by Hope Macey.

I suppose? We are going quite a long way, down through the country to Park Place, and back by the ocean drive. We have some lunch along."

"No, mamma won't mind," her eyes shining. "She—she knew I was going out to spend the day."

"Very well." Then, to the footman, "Thomas, you may help her in." And then, as Sally sank luxuriously into the soft cushions: "How pretty you look, child! Your eyes shine like stars!"

That completed her happiness. She was not a poor "back-street" little girl, only fit to be laughed at and April fooled, but somebody Mrs. Barton was willing to have along as a companion.

It was late in the afternoon when the carriage returned. Harry Jones and his companions were still playing on the street; but now they did not shout "April fool!" to Sally as she approached. Rather they looked at her curiously, and perhaps a little enviously. Then, suddenly, the carriage stopped right in

their midst, and their faces blanched. Was punishment coming?

"Is Harry Jones here?" Mrs. Barton asked.

Harry started and would have slunk away, but his companions pushed him forward.

"I want to start a boys' club," Mrs. Barton said, smiling at him pleasantly,—"have games and music and what you boys would call a rousing good time, you know. Sally here tells me you are quick at games, and that you play a little on the violin. Now I want you to come up to my house every Friday evening and bring your friends along. I think I can promise you all a good time. Will you come?"

"Yes'm," answered Harry, promptly, and "Hi, hi, hip, hooray!" agreed his companions.

As the carriage swept round the curved driveway, Harry turned abruptly to the boys.

"Look here, fellers," he said menacingly, "don't ever let me hear a word ag'in that Sally Baker any more. She's the best little girl round here." And again his companions yelled an affirmative "Hi, hi, hip, hooray!"

For The Beacon.

The Plot at Camp Snowball.

BY MABEL S. MERRILL.

In Six Chapters. Chapter Five.

They plunged over the bank and down into Bear Hollow, slipping and stumbling, but never stopping till they reached the place at the bottom where they had left the sled. Then they had to stand still an instant to take breath.

"It was a moose," panted Charlie, "but he isn't after us. He couldn't follow us very well down into such a deep hole as this, anyway."

They climbed out of the Hollow, dragging the sled with them, and once more stood by the squirrel hut from which they had started.

When they looked across the Hollow to see if they could spy any trace of the fairy palace, the dark pines had closed over it, and there was not even a glimmer of light to tell them that they had not dreamed the whole thing.

"And we haven't found out a thing about the old man, and the squirrels are prisoners just the same as if we had never made a plot," sighed Kinks, going back to her favorite subject.

"Maybe we'll have better luck next time, but I've got to go now for sure," Charlie said, and went off whistling down the road to the lumber camp.

Two days went by without their seeing the light in the squirrel hut, and then something happened which fairly put their "plot" and the mysterious old man out of their heads.

One of the neighbors came up from the settlement in a pung and brought the mail to Camp Snowball. There was a letter directed to "Pearl and Ned Edmonds" and one just like it for "Miss Kinks."

"I wouldn't open it all by myself," cried Kinks rushing out of the passage with her eyes as round as buttons. "Yes, yours is the same kind of writing as mine. What do you suppose they can be about!"

They opened the letters together, and, when they found out what was in them, they were more excited than ever. In fact it was a minute or two before they could hear each other speak, and then they caught

hold of hands and whirled round and round the room to the great joy of Bouncing Bet who happened to be visiting in Snowball No. 1.

"An invitation from the Bird King to come up and stay all night in the fairy palace. Say, girls, that's 'most too good to be true," and Ned began to look thoughtful.

"You don't mean you think it's a joke?" asked Pearl, anxiously. "He's such a great man, what can he want of us? And how did he know about us?"

"Some of the neighbors told him: everybody in the settlement knows about our being here by this time. Oh, dear, I hope Whistling Charlie's invited too," cried Kinks. "He and we three and Bouncing Bet are the only children round here; seems as if they ought to have asked him."

They pounced upon Charlie eagerly when he came up from the lumber camp with the bundle for Mrs. Edmonds.

"Invitation?" he repeated when they had asked the question. "What are you giving us? Nobody's invited me to anything."

"O Charlie, that's too mean, when it was really you that discovered the fairy palace," wailed Kinks. "I do think he might have asked you too."

"Well, I shall have to stand it," said Charlie, rubbing his hair the wrong way, and pretending to whistle. "You can take it all in and tell it to me afterwards; that's the best we can do about it."

And he went away very soberly down the road.

"Oh, it spoils everything not to have Charlie invited," mourned Pearl. "Don't you suppose, if we wrote to the Bird King and told him that Charlie is our friend and such a nice boy, he'd send him a note?"

"There isn't time. The invitation is for to-morrow night," Ned reminded them. "He's going to send a team to get us, Pearl, so you won't have to worry about meeting the moose in the pines, anyway."

Kinks stayed the rest of the afternoon with them, and then invited them to go home with her and have supper in No. 2; for Mrs. Kingsley was helping Mrs. Edmonds to finish her bundle of work before dark, and Bouncing Bet was asleep in her basket at their feet. She was quite as much at home now in Snowball No. 1 as in her own home and would stay there a whole day sometimes while the two mothers worked together.

The three children had the kitchen at No. 2 all to themselves, for Father Kingsley was lying down in the bedroom and said he should be too sleepy to come to their party. They had supper early, so that they could have a long evening for the making of the molasses candy Kinks had planned on, and it was hardly dark when they went to the sink by the window at the back of the kitchen to wash dishes.

Suddenly Kinks dropped her dishcloth and pointed to the squirrel hut.

"There's the light; he's come again," she whispered. "Hurry now and come just as still as you can. When I get to the hut, I'm going to knock hard on the window and tell him to let the squirrels out."

They stole along the deep path through the snow and peeped in at the little window of the squirrel hut.

There was the little old man, white whiskers, coal-bright eyes, fur coat and all. By the light of his lantern he looked more than ever like a gnome or some strange old elf of the woods.

"S'posen he comes out and chases us?"

whispered Pearl, shivering a little as Kinks put up her mittened hand to knock on the window frame.

"Ho," sniffed Ned, "I guess we can all run faster than an old chap like that. And we're right at our own doors anyway. Go ahead, Kinks."

Kinks pounded the window sill and shouted at the top of her voice.

In an instant the light went out, the hut was dark and still, and, when they got around to the door of the house and opened it, there was not a sign of any old man whatever.

"I wouldn't have believed he could get away so quick as that," muttered Ned, "but he's gone for sure. Look here, I can hear the squirrels making an awful rumpus inside. Sounds as if they were wild to get out. Let's open the door wide and let 'em go."

Without stopping to think a second time he set the door wide, and the thing was done.

The squirrels, badly frightened by the noise Kinks had made at the window, rushed out and went skipping like so many flashes of silver gray up into the trees and out of sight among the bushes of Bear Hollow.

"We've set them free, just as we plotted we would," cried Kinks, as they stood there, feeling a little frightened at what they had done.

"And a nice job you've made of it," said a man who had suddenly appeared, climbing up the big snowdrift from the Hollow. It was one of the lumbermen taking this short cut home from his work in the woods across the ravine.

"What do you mean by it?—monkeying round the squirrel house, and leaving the door open?" he asked, looking at them sharply.

"I don't care! that old man hadn't any business to keep the squirrels shut up when they're meant to be free," retorted Kinks.

"Old man?" repeated the lumberman. "There ain't any old man about it unless he's sent somebody to feed 'em when he couldn't come himself. Them's Whistling Charlie's squirrels, and he thinks his eyes of 'em."

(To be continued.)

Keep A-trying.

Say "I will!" and then stick to it—
That's the only way to do it.
Don't build up awhile and then
Tear the whole thing down again.
Fix the goal you wish to gain,
Then go at it, heart and brain,
And, though clouds shut out the blue,
Do not dim your purpose true
With your sighing.
Stand erect, and, like a man,
Know, "They can who think they can."
Keep a-trying.

Had Columbus, half-seas o'er,
Turned back to his native shore,
Men would not to-day proclaim
Round the world his deathless name.
So must we sail on with him,
Past horizons far and dim,
Till at last we own the prize
That belongs to him who tries
With faith undying.
Own the prize that all may win
Who, with hope, through thick and thin
Keep a-trying.

NIXON WATERMAN.

The Buffaloes in Corbin Park.

Very many years ago, when the Indians were the only people who lived on the great plains in the West, there were thousands of buffaloes, or bison, that roamed over a large part of the country. These great brown beasts, with bearded heads, short horns, and thick, strong necks, were of very great strength and endurance.

The Indians killed them for food and used their shaggy skins for clothing and all the different purposes for which they used leather. But, when the white men came and settled over the Western country, they killed the buffaloes in great numbers, partly to get rid of them and partly for the cruel sport of killing them. In time the buffaloes became very scarce, and it was feared that they would all be killed.

About twenty years ago a few men began to gather into small herds these useful and very interesting animals, to care for them and preserve the race. Among these men was Mr. Ernest Harold Baynes of Meriden, N.H. A few weeks ago we published a picture of Mr. Baynes and an article which showed his interest in the birds. In this issue we present to our readers a picture of Mr. Baynes with one of the buffaloes which make their home in Corbin Park, "25,000 acres of glorious mountain and valley and plain."

By his enthusiasm and by lectures and pictures Mr. Baynes has formed a number of societies whose object is the saving of the buffaloes. The United States and Canadian governments have also done a great deal for them by placing herds in the great government reservations throughout the country.

Probably many readers of *The Beacon* have seen one or two buffaloes in collections of wild animals in some park, but they are most at home and content when roaming about the fields and through the forests.

In the Report of the American Bison Society for 1911 Mr. Baynes gives directions for visitors who may wish to visit the Park, and says: "Of course the preserve is a very large one and there is always a possibility that visitors will not see the buffalo herd; but, if they do, they will see a sight they will never forget. Perhaps they will come upon it suddenly, in the shade of an ancient orchard, the mighty, bearded bulls rubbing their priceless heads against the trunks of the gnarled apple trees, the cows lying down, perhaps, calm but very alert, slowly chewing the cud, while the wild-eyed, tawny calves gaze inquiringly at the intruder from beneath their watchful mothers' hairy throats.

"Or perhaps there will be a 'come' to the visitor, a sound as of distant thunder, and presently he will see a cloud of dust rise and come pouring over the ridge of some treeless hill. Then from that cloud of dust he will see the Corbin buffalo herd, a hundred strong, tear, a living avalanche, down that steep hillside, bulls and cows in headlong flight, while the nimble calves, bearing charmed lives, it would seem, bravely hold their own, weaving red streaks in the background of liver brown. At the bottom of the hill a stream may lie in their way; but it takes a big stream to stop animals that can swim the Missouri in flood time. Through it they go in a shower of rainbows, race across a wide stretch of open ground like thoroughbreds in the home stretch, and, with a crash like the falling of big timber, the spruce forest swallows them, and the



"TOMAHAWK," A TWO-YEAR OLD BUFFALO.

Photograph by Louise Birt Baynes.

visitor stands watching the still-moving boughs with a feeling that he wouldn't have missed the sight for many times the trouble and expense of the journey to this unique reservation. Better than that, perhaps he will go away with the determination that he will do his share to insure the preservation of these wonderful brutes, which otherwise may be doomed to be upholstered for the decoration of dens and living-rooms."

For The Beacon.

The Sandman.

BY J. LYMAN HIGGINS.

Sandman, sandman, stealing in your room,
With his hail of fluffy sand and his tiny broom;
Nearer now he slyly comes on his tippy toes,
Mamma crooning softly as babe begins to doze.

Sandman, sandman, dancing on your pillows,
Sinking in your wavy bed, tossing in the billows;
Now you close your tired eyes, opened just a mite,
To catch the sandman coming in the soft twilight.

Sandman, sandman, pile your little heap,
Mounding up the grains of sand, coaxing baby's sleep;
Peeping under baby's eyelids, sliding down his nose,
Off upon your dusky flight whither no one knows.

Sandman, sandman, soft my baby sleeps,
Dreaming of the baby world and of sleepy streets,
Where the sandman finds the trail of each curly head,
How he tucks them softly there in each tiny bed.

For The Beacon.

April-fooling Up.

BY KATE HUDSON.

Dick and Dollie were planning great things for April first—such as neat packages, dainty bon-bon boxes, containing rubbish, and "April fool!" cards; derby hats unobtrusively harboring bricks and placed enticingly to be kicked; biscuits filled with cotton-wool, and carnations liberally dusted with sneeze-powder and the like. But, when they applied to Uncle Jack for applause, further suggestion, and material help, that jolly young relative surveyed them with an "I don't-in-the-least approve" look in his merry brown eyes, as disconcerting as it was unusual.

"You will help us make those biscuits, won't you, Uncle Jack?" implored Dollie.

"You are going to give us an old hat, aren't you, Uncle Jack?" begged Dick. "And, oh, Uncle Jack, won't it be fun!" cried the two of them.

"Fun!" echoed Uncle Jack; "oh, I suppose so, for those who like to see folks choke on fake biscuits, strange on doctored pinks, or lame themselves kicking a brickbat hat. You might possibly think that was funny, but how about the other fellow?"

Dollie looked at Dick and Dick at Dollie: until this minute the "other fellow" had, somehow, not occurred to them at all.

"But, Uncle Jack," grumbled Dick, "we've just got to celebrate the holidays as they come round. You always say—don't you remember?—that holidays are made for holidaying, and we've just got to fool some one on April Fool's Day."

"And we did think you'd help us, Uncle Jack," quavered Dollie. "You most gen'ally always do!"

"And so I will this year, chickabiddy girl," said Uncle Jack, taking her on his knee, "if you'll promise to keep April Fool's Day my way. You see, dearies, I can't, for the life of me, see any fun in fooling down,—raising people's expectations for a present, bon-bons, delicious biscuits, or a fragrant

blossom,—only to let them down with trash, or even worse; and years ago I made up my mind to fool folks up or not at all. Now, if you want me to help you fool folks up, I'm with you every time. Let's talk it over."

They did talk things over to such good purpose that they had the very happiest April first (and so did the folks they fooled!), and this is how they did it.

They began early in the morning. Instead of letting Mother call and call and call, they were out of bed—leaving an "April fool" streamer on each pillow—and downstairs before seven; and, when Mother appeared on the stroke of the clock to get breakfast, there was the tea kettle (with an "April-fool" streamer flying from the handle) boiling briskly, the dining-room aired and dusted, and the breakfast table neatly set. "April fool! April fool!" shouted Dick and Dollie, giving Mother a grizzly-bear hug; and Father came running downstairs to see what it was all about.

At Father's breakfast plate Dollie had set a dessert-dish filled with tiny red radishes. "From my garden," she fibbed unblushingly.

"What! Already!" cried Father, helping himself; and "April fool! April fool!" shouted Dick and Dolly as he found the succulent little roots were imitated in march-pane, and just two apiece all round.

And so it went all day long,—"new-fangled moth-balls" that really were delectable; sugared hazel-nuts; spicy licorice taffy, masquerading as pieces of coal "accidentally" spilled upon the clean kitchen table; a disreputable old tomato can on the sitting-room window sill, which was found to contain a little bunch of sweet violets; a mouse on the pantry shelf, cunningly contrived of chocolate; lots of "April-fool" shouting, of laughter and of innocent fun generally—and not an ache or pain or heart-burn for any one in any of it.

After supper Uncle Jack dropped in. He handed Mother a long legal envelope with the name of a law firm printed in the corner.

"You are summoned to appear before these people as a witness," said he. "I," cried Mother, scared quite badly while Dollie and Dick were properly frightened until out dropped five tickets for "Way Down East" at the new theatre, and Father and Uncle Jack, loudly shouted, "April fool! April fool!" So they got ready in a jiffy, and had a delightful time seeing an enjoyable play,—fit ending to a happy holiday.

For The Beacon.

Two and Two make Five.

BY CHARLES W. CASSON.

Of course two and two do not make five. I know perfectly well that every littlest reader of *The Beacon* knows that. It is very poor arithmetic. If you should make that mistake in school, how the other children would look at you! Two and two make five? Why, certainly not.

Sometimes, however—but that means a story.

Tom and Jed were great friends. They went to the same school and sat near each other. In the morning Jed always waited on the corner near his house for Tom to come along to school. And after school they went home together, and sometimes went a long distance to get there. Whenever you saw Tom, you could feel quite sure that Jed was near by, or would be very soon.

All summer long, during the school vacation, they played together. On the side of a wooded hill close to the village where they lived they built a little shack, half cave and half cabin. And there, day after day, during the vacation, they built their camp-fire and roasted potatoes and played Indian, and did all the jolly things that boys of their age can do.

It happened that there were two other boys who played together, with whom they were not friends. Bill and Jerry had in some way become cross with Tom and Jed, and, as boys do all too often, they lost no chance to make it unpleasant for each other. Several times they had fought it out, with the result of making things ten times worse, as one might expect. That is always the way that a quarrel ends.

During the summer the trouble between the two pairs of boys grew worse and worse. Several times Bill and Jerry had visited the other boys' camp, and had done mischief to it; and after each visit you may be sure that Tom and Jed did not feel any more pleasantly toward the other boys.

And all through the long, beautiful summer vacation this war kept up. It must have quite spoiled the fun of the boys, as such things always do. For, whatever they planned to do, there was always the chance that the other two would spoil it.

One afternoon, when Jed and Tom were sitting on a log in front of their hut, they heard a shout for help from the river that ran along the bottom of the hill. At once they rushed to the place from which it seemed to come, and presently discovered a boy in the water, shouting for some one to come and pull him out.

He had evidently fallen in further up the stream, and had floated down until he had caught hold of a log whose end stuck out above the surface of the water. And there he clung, with the cold water numbing him and making him weaker.

Tom caught hold of Jed's hand, and, telling him to grasp a branch of a tree near the edge, jumped in to pull the boy out of the rushing water. But he could not reach far enough, and Jed pulled him back upon the shore.

Just at that moment who should appear but Bill and Jerry. The boys looked at each other a moment, and then Tom cried, "Here, you fellows, hang on!" And the four boys caught hold of each others' hands, and, with Jed hanging on to the branch, they dashed into the water, and in a moment or so had the drowning boy safely upon the shore.

I suppose you can guess that during the rest of that summer all four boys were good friends, as a result of doing good together. And you probably see now that sometimes in some way two and two make five.

"Bravo! Bluff March."

The pussy willow and the hazel know,
The bluebird and the robin, what rings true;

I trust to such and let the whiners go.

Bravo! Bluff March; I swing my hat to you!

JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

"I gave my boy a palace,
And a kingdom to control;
The palace was his body,
The kingdom was his soul."

RECREATION CORNER.

FRANKLIN, N.H., Feb. 25, 1912.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BEACON:

Dear Sir,—I am sending in my solution for Enigma XL., finding it to be Revelation. I have made two other enigmas which I am sending.

Our Sunday-school takes *The Beacon*, and we all enjoy it very much. The *Recreation Corner* is very interesting, and we girls have great fun getting out the puzzles together.

If the enigmas are all right, I expect to see them in print soon.

Respectfully yours,

LUCILE BURLEIGH.

ENIGMA XLVIII.

I am composed of 12 letters.

My 4, 6, 3, is to use in warm weather.

My 11, 12, is an abbreviation.

My 5, 2, 7, is what you did when you were late.

My 9, 10, is a short verb.

My 1, 12, 3, is the boy of the family.

My 8, 2, 7, is what holds a liquid.

My whole is a city in the United States.

PHILIP HOOD.

ENIGMA XLIX.

I am composed of 15 letters.

My 1, 5, 3, 4, 2, 12, 7, was a player on Harvard's football team.

My 10, 6, 12, is not well.

My 9, 13, 14, is a part of the body.

My 15, 11, 13, 8, is to lose one's hold.

My whole was prominent in anti-slavery times.

EDMUND B. ABBOTT.

AN EXAMINATION IN PHYSIOLOGY.

Of the human body:

1. What are two established measures?
2. Two musical instruments?
3. Small articles used by carpenters?
4. An article used by artists?
5. Steps of a hotel?
6. Two dedicated buildings?
7. Two graceful trees?
8. A large wooden box?
9. A male deer?
10. Two students?

Scattered Seeds.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 25.

ENIGMA XLV. Harriet Beecher Stowe.

ENIGMA XLVI. John Greenleaf Whittier.

SOMETHING GREEN FOR ST. PATRICK'S DAY.—1. Grace Greenwood. 2. Kate Greenaway. 3. Greenland. 4. Greenbacks. 5. Greenings. 6. Bowling Green. 7. Green Bay. 8. General Greene.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—GIVE

EARN

RING

MAUL

ASIA

NOON

YARD

BEHEADINGS.—1. Small. 2. Brink. 3. Scowl. 4. Price. 5. Spear.

THE BEACON.

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